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DARK HORSE
COMICS
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DARK HORSE COMICS™

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BLOOD FEUD PART 1
NEAL BARRETT, JR.: WRITER
LEO DURAÑONA: PENCILLER
LEO DURANONA: INKER
ELLIE DE VILLE: LETTERER
ERIC VINCENT: COLORIST

MAD DOGS
PART 1
JOHN ARCUDI: WRITER
ANDY DIMITT: PENCILLER
CHRIS WARNER: INKER
RACHELLE MENASHE: COLORIST

INDIANA JONES
AND THE SHRINE OF THE SEA DEVIL PART 2
GARY GIANNI: WRITER
GARY GIANNI: ARTIST
BILL SPICER: LETTERER
ALEX WALD: COLORIST

ALIENS:
HORROR SHOW PART 2
SARAH BYAM: WRITER
DAVID ROACH: PENCILLER
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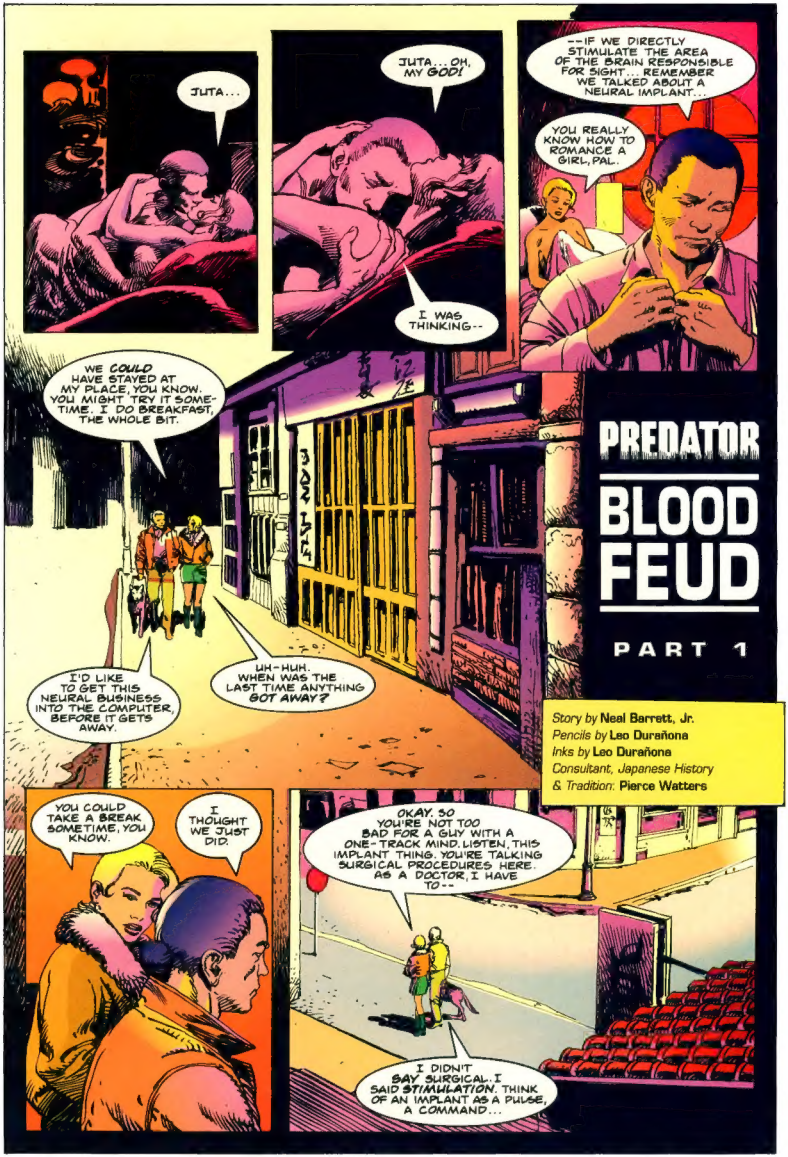

JUTA...
JUTA... OH, MY GOD!
I WAS THINKING--
--IF WE DIRECTLY STIMULATE THE AREA OF THE BRAIN RESPONSIBLE FOR SIGHT... REMEMBER WE TALKED ABOUT A NEURAL IMPLANT...
YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO ROMANCE A GIRL, PAL.
WE COULD HAVE STAYED AT MY PLACE, YOU KNOW. YOU MIGHT TRY IT SOMETIME. I DO BREAKFAST, THE WHOLE BIT.
I'D LIKE TO GET THIS NEURAL BUSINESS INTO THE COMPUTER, BEFORE IT GETS AWAY.
UH-HUH. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANYTHING GOT AWAY?
YOU COULD TAKE A BREAK SOMETIME, YOU KNOW.
I THOUGHT WE JUST DID.
OKAY. SO YOU'RE NOT TOO BAD FOR A GUY WITH A ONE-TRACK MIND. LISTEN, THIS IMPLANT THING. YOU'RE TALKING SURGICAL PROCEDURES HERE. AS A DOCTOR, I HAVE TO--
I DIDN'T SAY SURGICAL. I SAID STIMULATION. THINK OF AN IMPLANT AS A PULSE, A COMMAND...

PREDATOR

BLOOD FEUD

PART 1

Story by **Neal Barrett, Jr.**
Pencils by **Leo Durañona**
Inks by **Leo Durañona**
Consultant, Japanese History & Tradition: **Pierce Watters**

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT GIVING PEOPLE *SIGHT*, ELAINE -- NOT THE WAY OTHER PEOPLE SEE. THIS DEVICE WOULD WORK WITH *HEAT* IMAGES, THE INFRARED...
THE INFRARED...
RIGHT. IF A SIGHTLESS PERSON COULD RECEIVE THE RADIATION FROM OTHER PEOPLE, FROM-- *ELAINE!*
SWIIIG
JUTA! MEKURA NO MASSATSU SURU!
JUTA-- THE BLIND KILLER!

JUTA-- YOU ALL RIGHT?
EVERY HALF-ASS KID IN TOKYO WANTS TO BE A YAKUSA HOOD. THAT BUNCH WILL NEVER MAKE IT. THIS TOWN'S GETTING... TO BE...
JUTA? JUTA-CHAN?
...ONE HELL OF A...
...WEIRD PLACE TO...
...LIVE, DON'T YOU...
I'VE BEEN BLIND SINCE I WAS TEN. I STILL SEE THINGS IN MY HEAD, BUT NOTHING EVER LIKE THIS. NOTHING SO VIVID AND REAL...
...THINK?
MY GOD. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU JUST-- WENT AWAY SOMEWHERE.
I WAS-- THERE WAS A FIGHT, A BATTLE. BACK IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, I THINK. I WAS THERE, ELAINE. AND THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING TERRIBLE THAT DIDN'T BELONG...

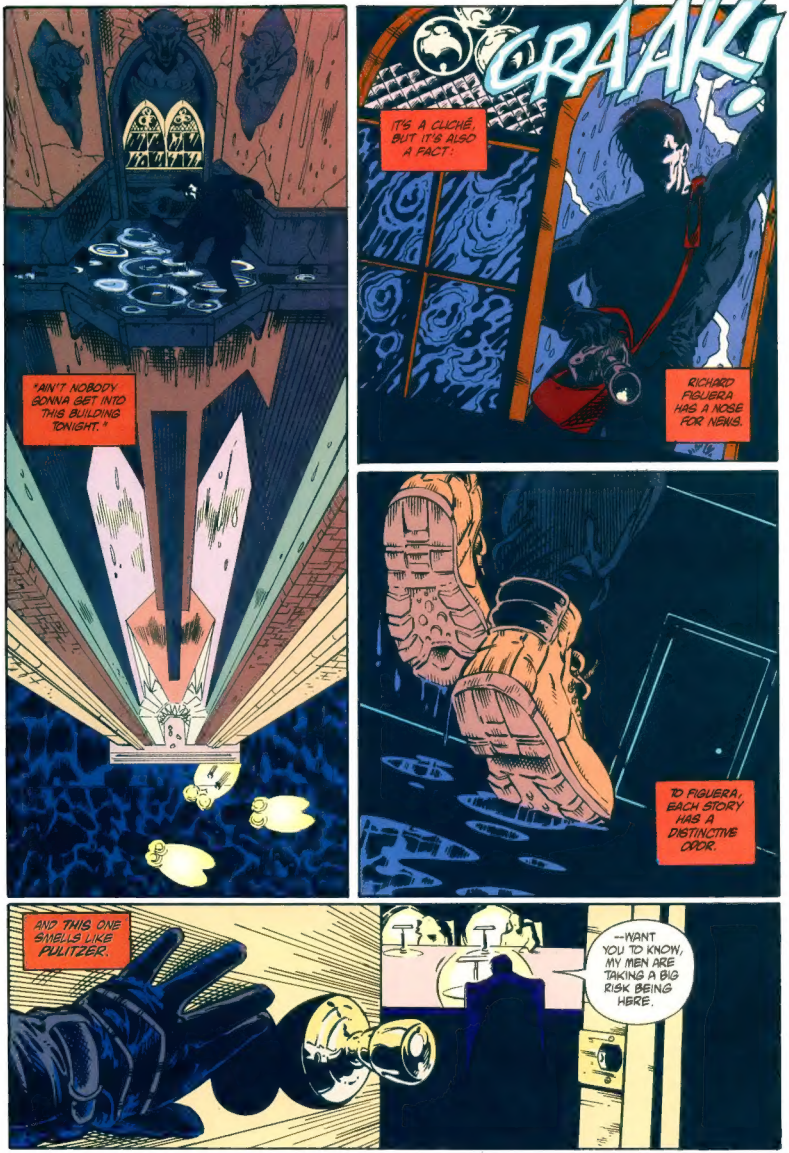
I'M GOING TO GET YOU INSIDE, FRIEND, AND FIX US BOTH A COUPLE OF VERY TALL DRINKS.
TEA WILL BE FINE.
I HOPE I CAN STAND THE EXCITEMENT. NOTHING LIKE A WILD CUP OF TEA TO--
ELAINE. SOMETHING'S -- NOT RIGHT. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED IN THERE.
JUTA!
GET BACK, STAY THERE...
YUUUH!
WHO-- WHO IS IT? JIRO? MOKURAI? WHO, ELAINE?
OH GOD, JUTA. ALL OF THEM! KAZUO, GASAN...
MY STUDENTS? ALL OF THEM? WHAT KIND OF GODDAMN MANIAC WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS? WHY?
I'LL CALL. GET THE POLICE...
ELAINE, TURN AROUND AND GO OUT THE DOOR. NOW. SOMEONE'S STILL HERE...
GRRR

JUST DO IT, ELAINE!
WHAT?
CRASH!
GRRRR
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I CAN SEE IT, WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS. HEAT...RADIATION... AS IF I ALREADY HAD THE DAMN DEVICE!
PD DOG
>PAYBACK TIME<
>GAAARK!<

TUNK!
CRASH!
>NOT SEEING. NOT SEEING ME... <
HUH? I'M OUT OF SEASON, OR WHAT?
JUTA, YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL THAT WAS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, BUT I KNOW IT CAME HERE FOR ME.
IT--- WHY?
BECAUSE IT... DIDN'T GET ME LAST TIME.
YOU ARE NOT MAKING A BIT OF SENSE. YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
COME ON. LET'S GET BACK INSIDE...
TO BE CONTINUED...

ALL RIGHT. THIS IS THE LAST OF THEM.
NOW YOU SEAL THIS BUILDING UP... TIGHT. I'M COUNTING ON YOU.

DON'T YOU WORRY NONG, MISTER COMMISSIONER.


"AIN'T NOBODY GONNA GET INTO THIS BUILDING TONIGHT."
CRAAK!
IT'S A CLICHÉ, BUT IT'S ALSO A FACT:
RICHARD FIGUERA HAS A NOSE FOR NEWS.
TO FIGUERA, EACH STORY HAS A DISTINCTIVE ODOR.
AND THIS ONE SMELLS LIKE PULITZER.
--WANT YOU TO KNOW, MY MEN ARE TAKING A BIG RISK BEING HERE.

WE NEVER GET ANY CREDIT--
SHUT UP AND SIT YOUR ASS DOWN, HORTON!
WE GOT REAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO HERE.
CRAAAAK
LIGHTNING PROVIDES FIGUERA WITH A PERFECT FLASH.
GOTTA BE CAREFUL WHEN THE STORM MOVES ON. I WON'T HAVE THUNDER TO COVER MY SHUTTER NOISE.
CLICK
AS I WAS SAYING, THE BILL WILL PROPOSE THAT ARTICLE ELEVEN OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION BE REPEALED--
--ALLOWING CASINO GAMBLING ACROSS THE STATE.
REPRESENTATIVE WINSLOW HERE IS GONNA INTRODUCE THIS BILL
YOU'VE BOUGHT ENOUGH VOTES IN THE STATE CONGRESS, BUT WHAT ABOUT PUBLIC OPINION?

I AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU AGAIN, HORTON! SHUT UP!
CRAACK
CLICK
MAYOR GARLAND, YOU'RE GONNA THROW YOUR SUPPORT TO THE BILL
I WANT YOU TO MAKE A SPEECH ABOUT THE CITY AND STATE BUDGET DEFICITS.
TELL THE PEOPLE THAT GAMBLING, GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED GAMBLING IS OUR SALVATION FROM DEBT.
IT'LL BE GOOD FOR EVERYBODY
OF COURSE I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY, MR TUCCO, BUT YOU MUST REALIZE GOVERNOR HARRIN WILL NEVER APPROVE THIS BILL.
NO, GOVERNOR HARRIN WOULDN'T--
BUT GOVERNOR BLEED WILL.

BUT FOR A A LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR TO TAKE OVER, THE GOVERNOR WOULD HAVE TO RESIGN.
OR DIE
HOLBB, THESE GUYS ARE TALKING ASSASSINATION
I'D BETTER SPLIT
AFTER THIS SHOT.
CLICK
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
THERE, IN THE OTHER ROOM!
OHARA: GRAB HIM!

CRA-ACK
NOW I GET THE THUNDER.
THAT'S ENOUGH!
WHY, IT'S RICHARD FIGUERA, THE INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER FOR THE POST.
YOU BEEN WRITING A LOT ABOUT ME LATELY, DICK. TOO MUCH, IN FACT.
LISTEN TO THIS.
—MAYOR GARLAND, YOU'RE GONNA THROW YOUR SUPPORT TO THE BILL.
STAND BACK, I'M GONNA KILL HIM.
GIVE ME THAT GUN, YOU IDIOT!
IF HE TURNS UP DEAD, WHO D'YOU THINK THEY'LL COME LOOKIN' FOR?

WE CAN'T JUST LET HIM WALTZ OUT OF HERE. HE'LL BE BLABBING THIS ALL OVER TOWN.
NO ONE'S GONNA BELIEVE HIM THOUGH, 'CAUSE HE'S GONE INSANE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE'S NOT CRAZY.
OH, HE'S CRAZY ALL RIGHT.
BAM
BAM
BAM
HE'S SO CRAZY, HE JUST SHOT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER IN FRONT OF WITNESSES.

AND YOU SAY HE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS, MR. TUCCO?
YEAH, AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE HIM "SPECIAL" ATTENTION
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
I UNDERSTAND FULLY, MR TUCCO, AND LET ME ASSURE YOU--
WHERE AM I..?
"..WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM."

INDIANA JONES and the SHRINE OF THE SEA DEVIL

JANUARY 11, 1935. THE GOOD SHIP "JULIE ANNE" IS ANCHORED OFF THE COAST OF A VOLCANIC ISLAND. THE CREW WORKS DILIGENTLY WITH AN ANXIOUS EYE CAST IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SMOLDERING INFERNO.

THE TIGHTENING OF A FEW MORE SCREWS AND THE CONNECTION OF ANOTHER CABLE WILL ALLOW INDIANA JONES TO WALK ALONG THE OCEAN FLOOR DRESSED IN DEEP SEA DIVING GEAR.

INDIANA JONES

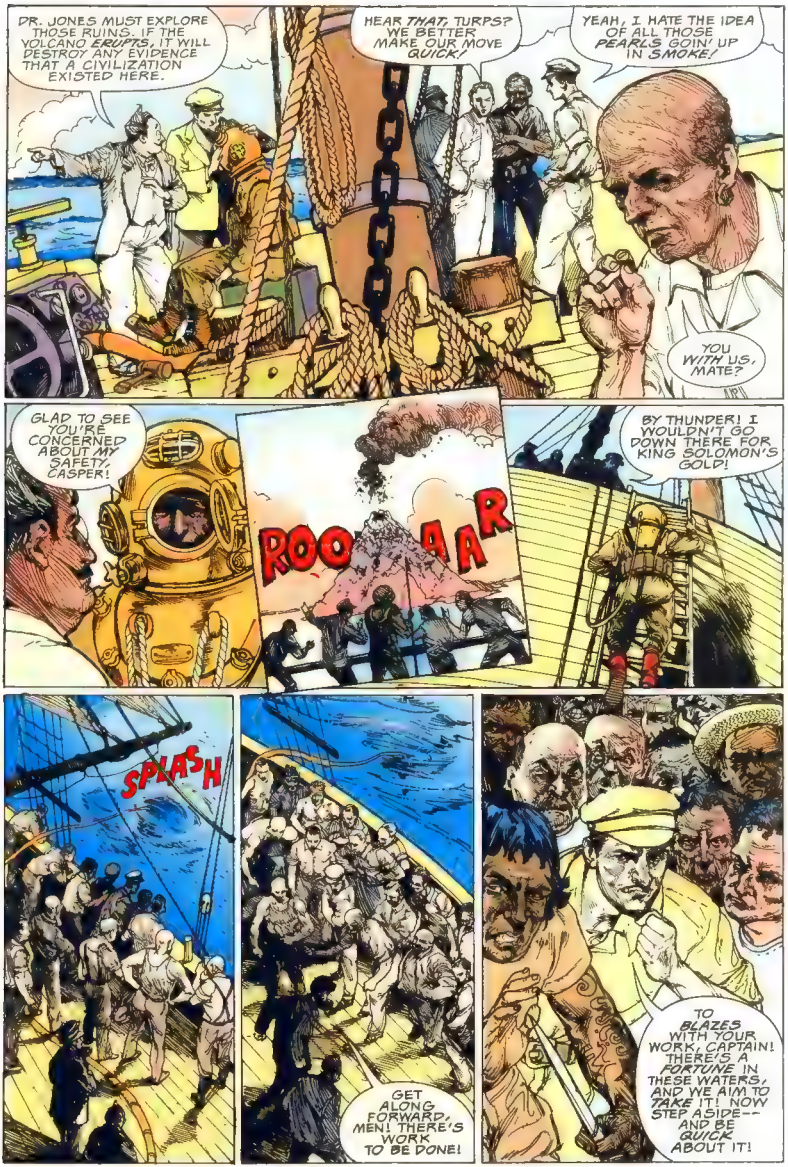
CAPTAIN WHITBY

FIRST MATE TURPS

CASPER ZZYZX

INDY, THESE ARE THE MOST SHARK-INFESTED, CORAL REEFED WATERS IN THE WORLD!

LISTEN, CAPTAIN, WE'VE HAD BAD LUCK FROM THE START. DON'T PAINT A ROSY PICTURE FOR ME NOW.


DR. JONES MUST EXPLORE THOSE RUINS. IF THE VOLCANO ERUPTS, IT WILL DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE THAT A CIVILIZATION EXISTED HERE.
HEAR THAT, TURPS? WE BETTER MAKE OUR MOVE QUICK!
YEAH, I HATE THE IDEA OF ALL THOSE PEARLS GOIN' UP IN SMOKE!
YOU WITH US, MATE?
GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT MY SAFETY, CASPER!
ROOAAR
BY THUNDER! I WOULDN'T GO DOWN THERE FOR KING SOLOMON'S GOLD!
SPLASH
GET ALONG FORWARD, MEN! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!
TO BLAZES WITH YOUR WORK, CAPTAIN! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THESE WATERS, AND WE AIM TO TAKE IT! NOW STEP ASIDE-- AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

SO THAT'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS, IS IT? WHY, I'LL BREAK EVERY ONE OF YOU SONS O' DUTCHMEN FOR THIS!
WHISS!
CASPER! THE WIRELESS! RADIO FOR HELP! MOVE!!
BLAM!
WHAT TO DO? MIND'S A BLANK! THINK! HELP!!
IN CONTRAST TO CASPER'S PLIGHT, THE TRANQUIL DESCENT TO THE OCEAN FLOOR BEGINS TO EASE INDY'S MIND...
HMMMM... OUGHT TO BE A PIECE OF CAKE.
THERE... IN THE DISTANCE...
...BULLS-EYE!
MOMENTS LIKE THIS MAKE ALL THE TROUBLE I GET INTO SEEM WORTHWHILE...

WELL, I'LL BE--! THESE STATUES AREN'T COVERED WITH CORAL, THEY'RE INLAID WITH PEARL!
HOLY MACKEREL! GET NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ON THE LINE--THE JONES BOY HAS STUMBLED ON TO SOMETHING REALLY BIG!

BETTER GET UPSTAIRS. THIS JOB IS GOING TO REQUIRE A LOT OF RIGGING. CASPER'LL WANT TO SET UP SHOP HERE FOR A FEW DAYS.
THERE'S THE SIGNAL! HAUL JONES ABOARD!
AS FOR YOU, CAPTAIN, THERE'S NEVER A MAN WHO LOOKED ME IN THE EYES AND SEEN A GOOD DAY AFTERWARD!
WE'RE RICH, MEN! WE ALL GOT A STAKE IN THIS, BUT WE GOTTA COVER OUR TRACKS!
NOW, I HAVE A PLAN REQUIRING THREE DEAD BODIES...
OKAY, BOYS, TAKE ME AWAY!
HEY! WHAT TH--! SOME KINDA EEL--OR IS IT A SNAKE?!

JONES SURE IS TAKING HIS SWEET TIME GETTING UP HERE!
HEY! D'YA THINK HE'S WISE TO US?
MAYBE SO. BUT HE'LL BE A WISE DEAD GUY IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS!
UNHHH... BEING PULLED APART! HELMET IS CRACKING! HURRY!!
ALMOST TO THE SURFACE... UHHHNN...GOT TO HANG ON!
GET READY! HERE HE COMES!
PASS OUT THE RIFLES, BOYS! IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE!
PING
PING
SSSSSSSSSS
CRACK
HEH-HEH-HEHHH...

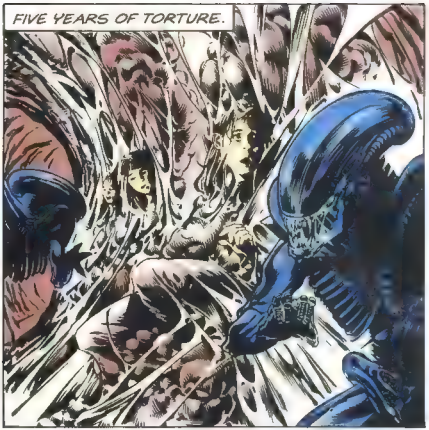
CRYING FOR DADDY DIDN'T HELP.

"WE'RE LEAVING YOU HERE TO CURE YOU OF THOSE IRRATIONAL FEARS, ROBYN."

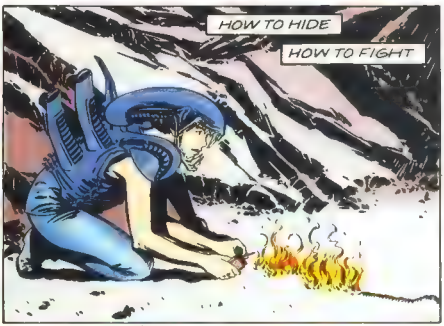
"YOU KNOW THIS DOESN'T HURT YOU NEARLY AS MUCH AS IT HURTS ME."

RIGHT.

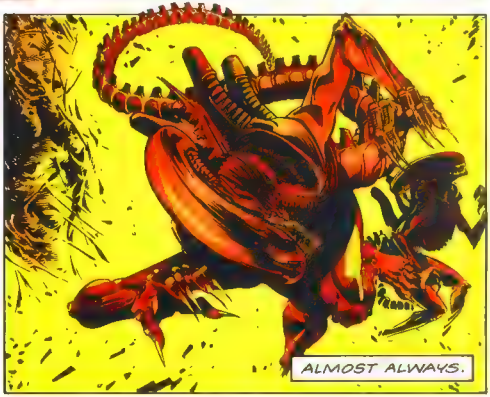
FIVE YEARS OF BEING TRAPPED IN THE LIMESTONE MINES.
FIVE YEARS OF HIDING FROM THOSE...
.. MONSTERS.


FIVE YEARS OF TORTURE.

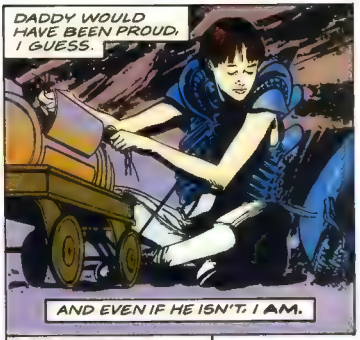
AND YOU LEARN A FEW THINGS.

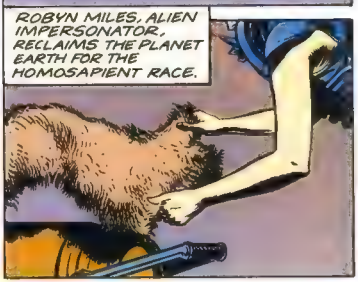

HOW TO HIDE
HOW TO FIGHT

WHEN TO RUN.
WHERE TO STRIKE.
OF COURSE, IN THE END, THEY ALWAYS WIN.


ALMOST ALWAYS.

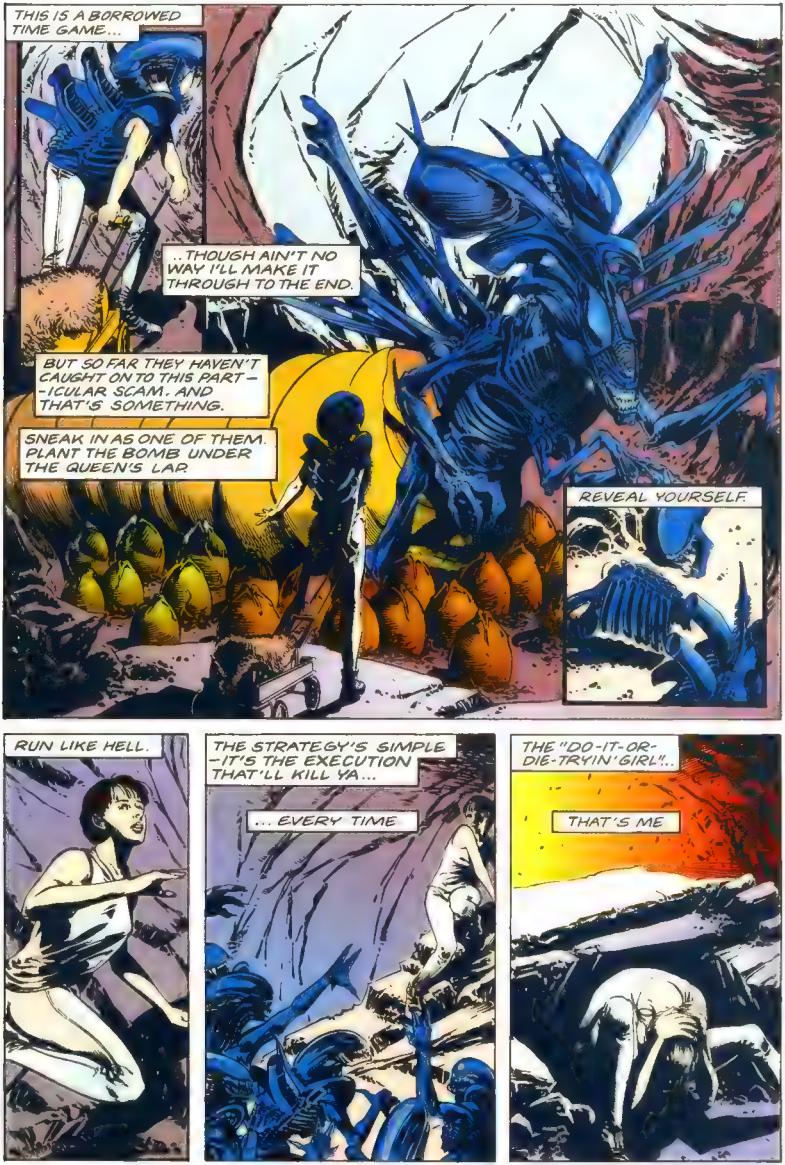
THIS IS MY MOST AMBITIOUS PLAN YET.
SHE KILLED MY RACE. SO I'LL TURN THE FAVOR BACK, I FIGURE.


DADDY WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD, I GUESS.
AND EVEN IF HE ISN'T, I AM.


ROBYN MILES, ALIEN IMPERSONATOR, RECLAIMS THE PLANET EARTH FOR THE HOMOSAPIENT RACE.

THERE WERE SEVEN PRIMARY NESTS ON THIS CONTINENT.

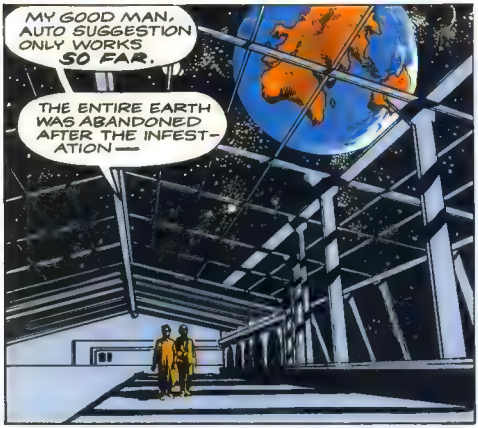
NOW THERE ARE THREE.


THIS IS A BORROWED TIME GAME...
..THOUGH AIN'T NO WAY I'LL MAKE IT THROUGH TO THE END.
BUT SO FAR THEY HAVEN'T CAUGHT ON TO THIS PART--ICULAR SCAM. AND THAT'S SOMETHING.
SNEAK IN AS ONE OF THEM. PLANT THE BOMB UNDER THE QUEEN'S LAR.
REVEAL YOURSELF.
RUN LIKE HELL.
THE STRATEGY'S SIMPLE--IT'S THE EXECUTION THAT'LL KILL YA...
... EVERY TIME
THE "DO-IT-OR-DIE-TRYIN' GIRL"...
THAT'S ME

NO. GOD NO. NOT NOW.
DON'T LET THEM CATCH ME
DON'T LET THEM—
– PENETRATE.

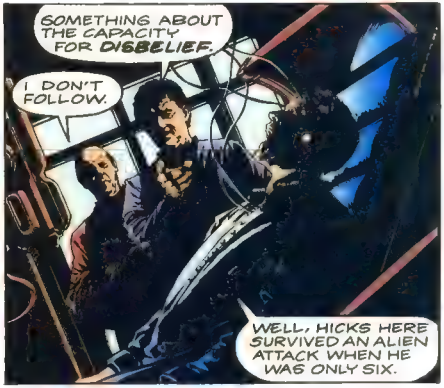
ALIENS?! ORSON MASCH IS GONNA KILL ME.
YOU'VE RECORDED HUNDREDS OF NIGHT-MARES AT A COST OF MILLIONS OF CREDITS-

-AND ALL YOU CAN GIVE ME IS MORE ALIEN FEATURES?
DON'T YOU HAVE A FEW WET DREAMS? ... ANYTHING?


MY GOOD MAN, AUTO SUGGESTION ONLY WORKS SO FAR.
THE ENTIRE EARTH WAS ABANDONED AFTER THE INFEST-ATION—

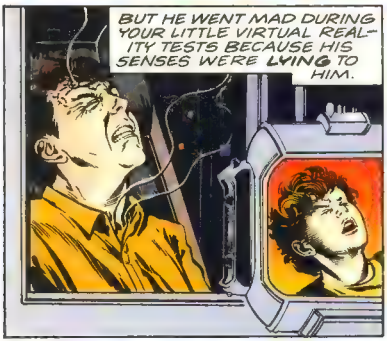
- WHAT DO YOU EXPECT PEOPLE TO DREAM ABOUT?

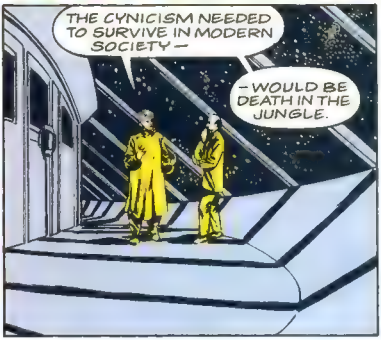
IRONICALLY, WE'RE BEGINNING TO SEE SOME EVIDENCE THAT THESE POOR SLOBS...
...ARE MORE LIKELY TO SURVIVE AN ACTUAL ALIEN ATTACK THAN YOU OR I WOULD.

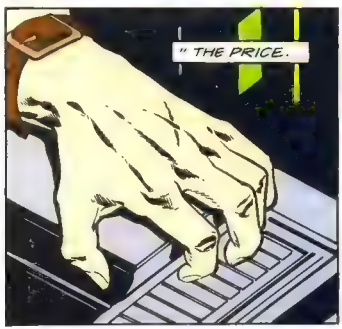

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CAPACITY FOR DISBELIEF.
I DON'T FOLLOW.
WELL, HICKS HERE SURVIVED AN ALIEN ATTACK WHEN HE WAS ONLY SIX.

DON'T RESIST ME, MY DEAR.
M-M-R-R-R!
UNLESS YOU WANT ANOTHER DOSE OF THERAPY.
THAT GOES FOR ALL OF YOU!
GROVELING, COWARDLY EXCUSES FOR HUMAN PSYCHES—
-THAT'S IT, MR. HICKS, FLINCH!
YOU HAVEN'T BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND THE DEPTH OF YOUR OWN FEAR.

HE WAS ONE OF THE LAST CHILDREN TO MAKE IT TO THE LUNAR ESCAPE SHUTTLE —
—BECAUSE HE TRUSTS HIS SENSES


BUT HE WENT MAD DURING YOUR LITTLE VIRTUAL REALITY TESTS BECAUSE HIS SENSES WERE LYING TO HIM.


THE CYNICISM NEEDED TO SURVIVE IN MODERN SOCIETY —
—WOULD BE DEATH IN THE JUNGLE.


" THE PRICE.

... OF CIVILIZATION, MR. LACKSTER."

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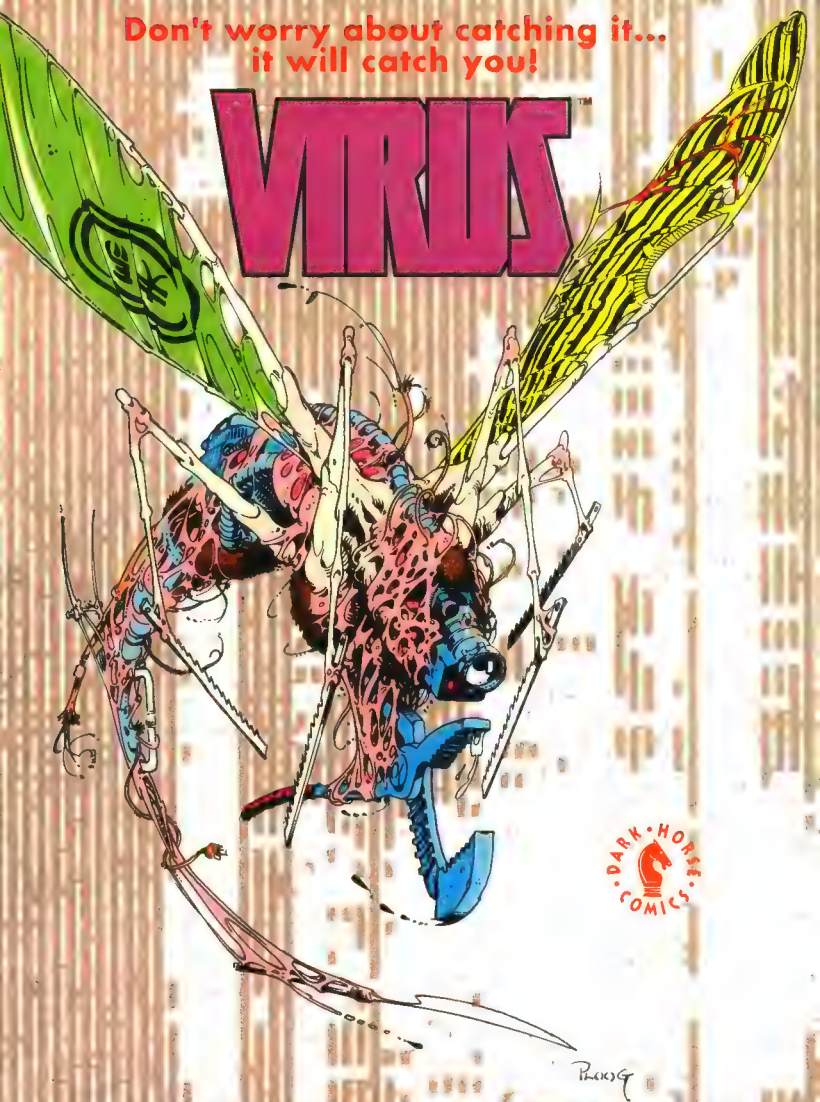

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The Finish Line

When I was in college... Hey, wait — don't turn the page yet! There's a point to this jaunt down memory lane, I swear! Stay with me for at least a couple more paragraphs, okay?

Anyway, when I was in college I hosted a weekly radio show that could best be described as "eclectic." Since I enjoy all different kinds of music, I played everything under the sun — jazz, hiphop, hardcore, country, and almost any other subgenre you could name all rubbed shoulders on my show. The way I look at, they're all interrelated anyway. I mean, trace the rock 'n' roll lineage back far enough and you end up in Africa, right?

I was lucky, though, that my college radio station allowed and even encouraged that kind of genre-hopping. Most radio stations, college or otherwise, are rigidly divided by type of music, and most DJs have little or no choice as to what's played on their shows.

My luck must be holding, because now I work for a company that has one of the most eclectic publishing rosters I've ever seen. Where else but Dark Horse could you find *Star Wars, Hard Looks, Flaming Carrot, Aliens, Deadface, Concrete, RoboCop, Cheval Noir, John Byrne's Next Men,* and *The Blue Witch of Oz* all under one roof? And that's only a fraction of the titles we publish!

In some ways, the Dark Horse lineup harks back to the glory days when millions of people read comics of all kinds: romances, westerns, mysteries, tales of horror and science fiction, and many more. At the same time, we're moving at full throttle into what I hope will be a bigger, brighter future for comics — one in which *Sin City* or *Love and Rockets* makes the best-seller lists along with the latest Stephen King offering.

Getting more people to read comics has been an unending subject of discussion and debate in recent years. There are plenty of obstacles to this goal — the biggest one, of course, being that comics are still looked down on as a sort of literary placebo for the young and/or simple-minded. That whole argument's been beaten almost to death of late, though, so I won't launch into another lengthy diatribe on the subject. Ultimately, I think the only solution is to continue publishing a wide variety of comics, do whatever we (as an industry) can to lure new readers into comics shops, and explore new formats and markets. All of which, of course, requires a certain amount of risk-taking on the part of everyone involved in the medium — readers, creators, retailers, distributors, and publishers alike.

Unfortunately, the bigger a company gets, the more it has at stake and so the fewer risks it tends to take. That's why I find it so exciting that a successful, established publisher like Dark Horse is still taking chances on the offbeat, the unknown, and the quixotic. As a lifelong comics reader and pop-culture hound, I find it even more exciting to be editing projects like *Nexus, The Blue Lily,* and yes, the ever-popular *Aliens.* I'm also eagerly looking forward to reading the next issues of *Grendel: War Child* and *RoboCop versus the Terminator,* among others.

If I'm sounding overly corny and gung-ho here, all I can say is that it's a most sincerely gung-ho corniness. Like almost everyone who reads and produces comics, I'm doing this for the sheer love of it. I'm not ga-ga over *everything* that Dark Horse puts out, mind you — and, of course, I enjoy many of the fine titles issued by other comics publishers — but I'm truly impressed that we continue to offer such a wide range of high-quality choices to readers new and old. After all, choice is nothing to sneeze at, especially in an election year!

All in all, if you pressed me on it, I'd have to say that Dark Horse's lineup is almost as cool as my radio show was.

—Anina "Chicago Red" Bennett

NOVEMBER CHECKLIST

SHIPPING NOVEMBER 3
- ☐ Dark Horse Presents #68
- ☐ The Venus Wars II #6
- ☐ Ring of Roses #1
- ☐ Classic Star Wars #4
- ☐ The Mask Returns #3
- ☐ Grendel: War Child #4
- ☐ Aliens: Genocide Softcover Collection
- ☐ Sin City Softcover Collection

SHIPPING NOVEMBER 10
- ☐ Cheval Noir #36
- ☐ Caravan Kidd #5
- ☐ Modern Classics: Freaks' Amour #3
- ☐ John Byrne's Next Men #9
- ☐ Nexus the Liberator #4
- ☐ Kling Klang Klatch
- ☐ Another Chance to Get It Right

SHIPPING NOVEMBER 17
- ☐ Hard Looks #5
- ☐ The New Frontier #2
- ☐ Blanche Goes to New York
- ☐ Stone Cold Deadline U.S.A. #6
- ☐ Herbie #3
- ☐ RoboCop: Prime Suspect #2
- ☐ Predator vs. Magnus Robot Fighter #2

SHIPPING NOVEMBER 24
- ☐ Don Martin's Droll Book (Paperback)
- ☐ Orion #2
- ☐ Dark Horse Comics #4

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